Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day.
Brother we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in
Haue ought committed that is hardly
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peac
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens lo
First Madame, I intreate peace of yo
Which I purchase with my dutious s
Of you my noble cousen Buckingha
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betwe
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord G
That all without desert haue frownd
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, ind
I do not know that English man aliue
With whome my soule is any iotte at
More then the infant that is borne t
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept
I would to God all strifes were well c
My soueraigne liege I do beseech yo
To take our brother Clarence to you
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred
To be thus scornde in this royall pre
Who knowes not that the noble Du
You doe him iniurie to scorne his co
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a worl
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset
Dor I my good Lord, and no one i
But his red colour hath forsooke his
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order w
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your f
And that a winged Mercury did bea
Some tardie cripple bore the counter
That came too lagge to see him buri
God graunt that some lesse noble, an
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not i
Deserue not worse then wretched Cl
And yet goe currant from suspition.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)